The Passionate Shepheard to his Love.

LIve with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeelds.
There will we sit upon the Rockes,
And see the Shepheards feede their flocks,
By shallow Rivers by whose falles
Melodious birds sing Madrigales.
There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant poses,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of Mirtle.
A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Faire lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.
A belt of straw and Ivie buds,
With Corall Clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my Love.
The Shepheards Swaines shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy minde may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

The

The Nimphs reply to the Shepheard.

IF that the world and Love were young,
And truth in every shepheards tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy Love.
Time drives the flockes from field to fould
When River rage, and Rocks grow cold,
And *Philomell* becometh dumbe,
The rest complaines of cares to come.
The flowers doe fade, and wanton fields,
To wayward Winter reckoning yeelds,
A hony tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrowes fall.
Thy Gownes, thy Shooes, thy bed of Rose
Thy Cap, thy Kirtle and thy Posies,
Some breake, some wither, some forgotten
In folly ripe, in Reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw and Ivie buds,
Thy Corell Claspes and Amber studs,
All these in me no meanes can move,
To come to thee and be thy Love.
But could youth last, and Love still breede
Had joyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then these delights my minde might move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

POEMS William Shakespeare LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo